



The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle
of Westmerland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils
To be commend'd in Strands a-farre remote:
No more the thrifty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the Armed hooves
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,
Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse
We are impress'd and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.
But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,
What yesternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this decreed expedience.

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set downe
But yesternight: when all atwart there came
A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;
Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misse,
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there
Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their Artillerie,
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heare
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,
Strain'd with the variation of each foyle,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes,
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre took
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beate Dowglas, and the Earle of Arbol,
Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Cofin, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me frowne,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,
Who is sweet Portunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That some Night-tripping-Faery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:

Then

Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this yong Percies pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a-while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.
Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Fal-
staffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping
vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten
to demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know.
What a diuell hath thou to do with the time of the day?
vntill houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons,
and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the signes
of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire
hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata: I see no reason,
why thou shouldst bee so superfluous, to demand the
time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that
take Purfes, go by the Moone and seven Starres, and not
by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I
prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue
thy Grace, Maicesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt
haue none.

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to
an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd
Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Dianaes Forre-
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;
and let men say, we be men of good Gouernment, being
gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prin. Thou say'st well, and it holds we'll too: for the
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and
flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the
Moone: as for prooffe. Now a Purse of Gold most reso-
lutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most disolutely
spent on Tuesday Morning: got with swearing, Lay by:
and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow
as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of
the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy
quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe
with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-
stesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a
time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.
Prin. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would
stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant,
that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,
shall there be Gallowes standing in England when thou
art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ru-
stie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou
when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeth false already. I meane, thou shalt
haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare
Hangman.

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some sort it iumpes with
my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell
you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-
man hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a
Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly
of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnſauoury smiles, and art in-
deed the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet yong Prince,
But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names
were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated
me the other day in the street about you fir; but I mark'd
him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded
him not, and yet hee talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vn-
to me Hal, God forgie thee for it. Before I knew thee
Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man shold speake
truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue o-
uer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a
Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings sonne in Chri-
stendome.

Prin. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe
not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From
Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a
man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a
Watch. O, if men were to be faued by merit, what hole
in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-
potent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow Ned.

Pointz.